

Where is
Mrs. Smith?
Read George S. Sims' interesting
story to-day in
The Evening World.

PRICE ONE CENT.

5 O'CLOCK EXTRA UNSOLVED MURDER

The Killing of Annie Leoney Is Still
a Mystery.

One of the Worst Atrocities in the
Annals of Modern Crime.

No Certain Evidence That the Prisoner
Lingo Is Guilty.

Robbery, Assault and Murder in
This Terrible Crime.

Detectives at Merchantsville Still Hunt-
ing for New Clues.

A suspicious quietness hovers about Le-
oney's farm-house on Church road,
a lonely lane two miles from Merchantsville,
New Jersey. The men folk are in the south
field, a mile away, gathering produce for the
market.

There should be a healthy, handsome
young woman, Annie E. Leoney, in the house
attending to her daily duties.

Lizzie O'Donnell, the buxom daughter of a



neighboring farmer, thinks so as she walks
quickly along the old cow-path to borrow a
pail of chicken feed. Familiar with the
premises, she steps into Farmer Leoney's
granary, fills her pail, and then thinks, "I
will run in and have a chat with friend Annie
before I return home."
She walks to the kitchen door, opens it,
glances in, and then?

The pail of feed drops from her nerveless
fingers. She feels her face turn white.
Clasping her hands to her eyes, she shuts out
the horrible sight she sees she turns and run-
ning home bursts into the kitchen of her
parents home moaning: "Annie Leoney is
dead; murdered, I think. She's full of blood,
and—"

She fainted.
This occurred about 7 o'clock last Monday
morning.
William Leoney, a farm hand, was in the
kitchen, and hurried at once over to the
Leoney farmstead.

He knew where the farmer was at work,
and without waiting to verify the girl's story
he went to the field and alarmed him and his
hired man, Garret W. Murray, who was
working with him.

The three men then started on a run for
Leoney's house.
They found that Lizzie O'Donnell's story
was only too true. Annie Leoney lay dead
on the kitchen floor.

The body was in a pool of blood.
The throat was cut clean from ear to ear.
The girl's clothing was in tatters and blood
soaked.

It was only too evident that the unfor-
tunate young woman had only been murdered
after a desperate struggle, and that she had
died in defense of her honor.

on the floor where the girl had pitched for-
ward in her death agony and sprawled upon
the floor.

A TERRIBLE SPECTACLE.
To the three men who saw it first it was a
terrifying one as well.

They drew away in horror from the crim-
inally stained corpse.

Hoping yet feeling that the desperate mur-
derer was still about, the men started to
search the house.

And carefully they went into the dark cellar
first, the door of which stood open.

It had not been so, when Mr. Leoney and
his hired men went away in the morning.

At the foot of the stairs lay a jaunty little
straw hat. "She wore that when we went
out this morning," said Murray.

SEARCHING FOR THE MURDERER.
A hurried search failed to find the murder-
er. The men then went upstairs to the
second floor, which contains four bedrooms.

Mr. Leoney went into his own bed-cham-
ber first.

Here everything was in disorder, and at a
glance the men saw that the wretch had
added robbery to his other crimes.

On the footboard of the bed were the old
farmer's Sunday clothes, in the trousers of
which he kept a bunch of keys to an old
chest in which he stored his ready cash.

The keys were in the trousers. He found
them in the lock of the chest.

ROBERT, TOO.
The chest was unlocked. He raised the lid
and found that the murderer had purloined
nearly \$200 of his hoarded treasure.

In his fright, though, he had overlooked
about \$600 more which was on a tray in the
bottom of the chest.

The men next visited the room of the mur-
dered woman, which was just across a hall
from Mr. Leoney's.

Here also was evidence in plenty of a bur-
ried search for valuables.

The bedclothing was on the floor. Dress
pockets were turned inside out, and the
dresses strewn about in the utmost confusion.

The girl's trunk had been broken open, the
murderous robber not being able to find the
keys.

Here also the thief had overlooked rich
booby.

In the bottom of the trunk was a bank
book, between the leaves of which were \$225
and a promissory note for \$1,000.

There was no more in the trunk than had
been in the trunk when it was found.

FINDING NO TRACE OF THE MURDERER about the
house Mr. Leoney and his friends hurried out
to alarm the neighborhood.

THIS WILKESBOURGH.
Lizzie O'Donnell had done that for them
though, and very effectively, too, as from all
quarters of the country-side farmers and
their wives and sons and daughters came
about good night, and she drifted about, help-
ing and, and sang a hymn as she worked, and
her cheerful face finally affected us, and we left
her in good spirits, she still singing blithely.

"How long past 6 o'clock was it when you
left the house?" asked Mr. Leoney.

"The detective picked up their ears and
listened intently for his reply.

The witness scratched his gray-haired head
and stroked his withered chin, but finally
said:

"Wal, now, I could not tell; could you,
Murray?"

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.
Mr. Murray, however, and Leoney was
about to be examined when Mr. Leoney thought
of another question and then another, both
of which Leoney answered and gave impor-
tant information.

to Mr. Starr's. I arrived there about 6.40
o'clock. I told my wife I was going to work
at Mr. Starr's.

I did not tell Mr. Murray yesterday that I
would come to work for Mr. Leoney to-
day.

Murray swears he did.
A visit was made to Lingo's home, a shabby
abode in Homesteadville, which the country
people call "Matchtown."

CONTRADICTIONS.
His wife said he had not told her he was
going to work for Mr. Starr.

Questioned again, Lingo admitted that he
had not told his wife so.

The foreman of Starr's farm corroborated
the negro's statement as to the time of his
arrival at the farm to go to work.

Meanwhile the detective had not been idle.
Scouting about, they found on the banks of
a small stream in the rear of the house foot-
prints in the soft soil.

MEASURING FOOTPRINTS.
Lingo's shoes were taken off and fitted to
the tracks in the mud. Some matched ex-
actly, while others were about an inch too
long. The tracks were followed to the edge
of the woods, but were lost there.

Lingo also said that on his way from home
to work he had met no one.

Later he contradicted this statement and
said that he had met one man named Andrew
Reynolds.

The latter was found chopping an apple
tree on the road to Starr's.

He said that he had seen a colored man in
the morning, but he could not say whether
it was Lingo or not.

CONFLICTING TIME.
He also added that the man he had seen
came out of the wood leading from Mr. Le-
oney's place. He was positive it was past 7
o'clock, though.

ALL DO NOT THINK HIM GUILTY.
Those who believe Lingo guilty think he
left his home earlier than he says he did.

His wife, it was stated to an EVENING WORLD
reporter, admitted that the scene of the crime
yesterday, admitted that she was asleep when
he went away in the morning.

There are many who believe the negro in-
nocent.

A DEFENSE.
They say it would be impossible for him to
leave his house, travel two miles to Mr. Le-
oney's house, commit the crime, return
home, change his clothing, hide his blood-
stained garments, and then reach Mr. Starr's
place at the time it is proved he did.

During the minute investigation of the
case by The EVENING WORLD reporter yester-
day the evidence seemed as much for as
against the prisoner.

A DAMAGING STATEMENT.
After Lingo's arrest on Monday he was
placed in a carriage to be taken to the county
jail in Camden.

While driving down the pike the carriage
was stopped by Mrs. Bridget Smith, who
lives near Mr. Starr's place.

She said that Lingo had visited her home
last Friday and attempted to assault her. He
would have succeeded, she declared, but she
had frightened him off with a carving knife.

She also said that he had attempted to
kill her with a knife.

She did not state, however, why she had
kept silence so long about her adventure.

LOOKED IN JAIL.
The negro was safely lodged in jail, al-
though the people feared he would be
lynched on the way. There was still talk of
lynching when The EVENING WORLD reporter
reached the scene of the crime yesterday.

TALK OF LYNCHING.
So many have heard of a similar nature
have been committed in New Jersey that the
people feel as if a public example should be
made of one.

Lingo is said to be an ex-convict.

AN ADDITIONAL PIECE OF EVIDENCE discovered by
The EVENING WORLD man was that Lingo
wore a blue striped shirt when he left home,
but it had disappeared when he was arrested
and could not be found.

He only wore an undershirt when arrested.
Those who believe the negro guilty think
that he buried the shirt and boots in the
woods.

STILL RAGING!

'89's Banner September
Cyclone Makes More
Havoc.

Howling Along the Shore at a
32-Mile an Hour Pace.

More Damage Done To-Day at Man-
hattan Beach.

Partial Subsidence of the Phenomenally
High Tide.

Houses Blown Down, Boats Wrecked
and Railroad Tracks Flooded.

The cyclone is still with us, though the
violence of old ocean has somewhat abated.

It has wrought havoc all along the Atlantic
seaboard, and may wreak almost as much
damage in the immediate vicinity to-day as it
did yesterday and the day before.

It is a veritable cyclone, and as far as the
Signal Service officers can make out, is the
same one which recently visited the West
Indies, wiping out lives and towns through-
out its path. Leaving the Indies, it swept out
to sea, and its doings on the heaving ocean
have yet to be chronicled.

That its severity was not felt as much in
this vicinity as it was away down the
islands is probably due to the fact that much
of its force was spent and divided during its
trip across the sea.

Telegraph wires were down on many parts
of the coast, and communication was cut off
from Atlantic City and several other places.

REMARKS BY THE REPORT.
Weather Clerk Dunn told an EVENING
WORLD reporter this morning that the cyclone
was still at work and doing as much mischief
as it did yesterday.

"Because," said he, "it is just as bad as it
ever was, and the wind is blowing from the
west, and the sea is running high."

"When will it let up?" asked the reporter.
"To-night, perhaps, but I do not expect
clear, fair weather before to-morrow."

"The indications say so, and they are my
gospel," he answered, with a smile.

AT ITS HEIGHT AT 1 A. M.
The cyclone reached its height at 1 o'clock
this morning in this vicinity, when the wind
rose along at the rate of forty-one miles an
hour.

STILL A THIRTY-TWO-MILE WIND.
It swept through the town at a thirty-six-
mile-an-hour gale at daybreak this morning,
but at 10 o'clock it was blowing along thirty-
two miles every sixty minutes.

At Block Island it tore things, going a mile
a minute at midnight, but this morning had
lost its speed to forty-eight miles an
hour.

The storm was situated just as it was yester-
day. That is to say, central over the At-
lantic coast from Norfolk, Va., north to
Eastport, Me.

The rainfall did not amount to much,
scarcely an inch falling since it first came to
town.

There is a cold wave starting in the North-
west, and Serat. Dunn says we may know
how it feels in a few days.

THE STORM NOT SO HIGH.
He also declared this morning that the surf
was not so heavy as it was yesterday, and that
the water in the North and East rivers were
at least a foot and a half lower than yesterday.

WEST STREET STILL FLOODED.
His statements were doubted along West
street, where every cellar from Washington
Market down to pier 1 on the west side was
full of water, which seemed to be gradually
rising.

In the slips between the wharves a man
could stand on the green-painted and slick his
umbrella tip in the strong-hued water without
bending his back.

There is a little world of land and
water all in itself.

People crowded from land to land, but in-
stead of ships and trains they used the loco-
motive nature provided them with in travel-
ling from one place to another.

water, to the ground floor nearly, and only
in a few instances were attempts being made
to bail them out. The street was strewn with
refuse, thrown there yesterday by the angry
waters, and a bad smell was beginning to be-
come familiar in the neighborhood.

FERRY-BOAT DISASTERS.
The same may be said of West street.
Landings from all ferry-boats were made
with difficulty, and the situation of affairs
was but little better than yesterday. The
Iron Steamboat Company sent 20 boats to
Coney Island this morning, and will not until
the storm has spent its force.

ROUND STEAMERS LAID TO.
The Sound steamer Pilgrim and Old Col-
ony did not arrive to-day, and it was said at
the offices that they had to abandon their
trips.

YACHT CLUBS SUFFER.
The high tide played havoc along the banks
of the East and Harlem rivers in Harlem last
night. The yachts of the house-boat club
of First Avenue, from Harlem Bridge to the
Astoria ferry at Ninety-sixth street, were all
flooded, and the water, backing up in the
sewers, flooded some cellars as far back as
Third Avenue.

The Harlem, Yorkville and Knickerbocker
Yacht Clubs were badly damaged. Of eight
yachts anchored off Randall's Island but one,
the Peerless, managed to outride the storm.

The others were blown from their moorings.
A launch, owned by J. S. Simmers,
was picked up by the tide, carried over the
sea wall in front of the club-house and
threw forty feet up the shore into the yard
among a lot of debris.

Two yachts, belonging to the Yorkville
Club, were blown away during the night, and
several of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club's
boats were carried ashore at Fort Milla.

DAMAGE AT CONEY ISLAND.
More Ruin Wrought, but the Water Is
Subsiding.

The waves still poured furiously over Man-
hattan Beach this morning, as if determined
to create more havoc.

WRECK OF THE AMPHITHEATRE.
This morning the huge bathing pavilion
and amphitheatre, that all day yesterday
tattered and awayed under the combined
efforts of wind and wave, was a mass of ruins.

It was so completely wrecked that hardly a
whole board could be found in the pile.

Supt. Mott, of the Manhattan Bathing
Company, saw the immense structure fall.
The EVENING WORLD reporter this morning
saw it.

"It was one of the grandest sights I ever
witnessed. We had been expecting it to fall
every minute of the day, but the storm had
been so much that we thought that it might
probably be saved."

"An immense wave came sweeping in,
washed the structure with irresistible
force, lifting the end of the pavilion, then
the waves receded the structure tottered
and fell."

Crowds of curious people wandered along
the shore, viewing the scenes of desolation
that Old Ocean is responsible for.

THE ORIENTAL MENACED.
The lawn in front of the Oriental is slowly
but surely melting away. The waves have
been the last of the season, which, if it
supposed, would withstand any attack that
Neptune would make upon it.

The tide is not as high to-day by several
feet as it was last night, and the wind is
blowing off shore, is slowly but surely reduc-
ing the size of the big waves.

The billows are still of great size, however,
and every now and then clouds of spray dash
up in front of the Manhattan Beach Hotel.

NO MORE MARINE TRAINS.
Below Manhattan the two stations of the
Marine Railway are still standing. A score
of men are at work tearing up the tracks and
making the cars to a place of safety. They
will run no more trains this year.

BRIGHTON HOTEL CLOSED.
The Hotel Brighton is closed, but the bar
and restaurant will remain open until Sun-
day, to accommodate several parties who
have come to dine.

No further damage was done there during
the night. An immense pile of wreckage
marks the spot occupied by the old bathing
pavilion. The lawn in front of the hotel
looks clear this morning and the damage done
is not as great as at first supposed.

The race track is still under water. From
the hotel to West Brighton along the shore,
the terrible force of the waves was most
plainly shown.

The concrete paved drive is broken into
small bits and now looks like a mass of
hundred cart wheels empty their loads
there.

At West Brighton the damage is greater
than at any other point on a dollar and
cents point of view. The beach is littered
with wreckage, and the remains of candy
pavilion, massage, photographic and restaurant
buildings are mixed up in picturesque con-
fusion.

Nearly three hundred feet of plank walk in
front of the West Brighton Hotel are missing,
and several bath-houses and the beach and
went out to sea during the night.

AT FAR ROCKAWAY.
The situation at Far Rockaway is worse to-
day than yesterday. No trains whatever
could be run by way of Avenue-by-the-Sea,
and the train from Far Rockaway to the
towards Rockaway.

When an EVENING WORLD reporter arrived
on the scene this morning he found Craig's
pavilion and bathing house, and the White
House entirely annihilated. The water is
undermining the Lackawanna Hotel and has
approached to within thirty feet of the
Hotel.

Old Tom's bathing-houses are entirely
gone, and he himself nearly lost his life in
attempting to cross the inlet in a boat. He
was rescued with difficulty, by two men who
rowed out to him.

TANNER OUT

His Term of Office Cut
Short To-Day.

Secretary Noble No Longer Re-
cognizes His Signature.

The Suddenness of The Removal
Causes Him to Shed Tears.

Deputy Commissioner Smith in Charge
of the Pension Office.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 11.—It is re-
ported that Corporal Tanner has been re-
moved.

The report is not yet officially confirmed.
It is, however, generally believed.

The rumor says the order of removal takes
effect at once, and that the office of Commis-
sioner of Pensions will be vacant after to-
day.

LATER.—Tanner is out. He has received
official notice that his signature will no
longer be recognized by Secretary Noble,
who is now in close conference with Senator
Hiscock.

The latter is understood to be pushing
Major Poole, of Syracuse, for the Commis-
sionership. Gen. Brown, of Ohio, is being
urged meanwhile upon the President, and
will probably get it.

The demand for Tanner's resignation, it is
said, reached the Commissioner late yesterday
afternoon. He was surprised beyond measure
and so grieved at the abruptness of the form in
which his resignation was requested, leaving
him no alternative, that he actually shed tears.

Tanner has not yet moved out, but Deputy
Commissioner Smith has taken charge of the
Pension Office.

IVES'S TRIAL BEGUN.

He Listens Indifferently to the Reading
of the Charges.

The Ives trial began in earnest to-day in
Part III. of the Court of General Sessions.

A small crowd was present. Ives came from
Ludlow Street Jail about half an hour before
the trial began. Deputy Sheriff Sullivan
and O'Donnell accompanied him.

Mr. Ives wore a black suit. There was the
same easy action in his smile, and he had
brief, airy consultations with Mr. Brooke.

The jury slowly trailed into the box and sat
with melancholy mien, awaiting the advent
of Recorder Smyth.

At last Mr. Parker arose and addressed the
Court and jury. He assumed that they
merely knew the fact that Henry S. Ives was
arraigned for fraudulent issue of stock in the
Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad.

He said:
"A specific charge is that George H.
Stayner, Henry S. Ives and E. Wilson Wood-
ruff, officers of the C. H. and D. R. R., with-
out authorization, issued what purported to
be stock of that corporation, in aggregate
thousand shares, of the par value of \$100 a
share."

Ives showed no traces of emotion during
Mr. Parker's exposition of the offense with
which he was charged except by a dry swal-
low now and then and a pursing out of his
tongue. Occasionally he took a note in his
pocket.

Mr. Parker set forth the corporation of
the firm of Henry S. Ives & Co. in February,
1896, stating the members, their positions
and the contributions made. It was at this
time that the idea was conceived of acquiring
the control of the C. H. and D. Railroad. A
bare majority of holding of stock was 17,501
shares. A syndicate was formed to obtain
this control.

Netter and others bought the stock and
Henry S. Ives & Co. received it.
Christopher Meyer had agreed to and to receive
for the defendant 6,000 shares at the average
price of \$1.15.

It was suddenly discovered that among
their purchases was a number of these trust
recipients. Then an Ohio court decided that
the right to dividends carries with it a right
to vote on the part of the holder of stock.

This led to new and more elaborate pro-
ceedings on the part of Ives and his creatures,
which Mr. Parker set forth in detail, the
points having already been published in the
press.

5 O'CLOCK EXTRA DONOVAN!

Winner of the Great St.
Leger Stakes at Don-
caster To-Day.

OUT OF A FIELD OF TWELVE.

Wonderful Record of Portland's
Three-Year-Old.

Almost an Unbroken Series of Victories
on the Turf.

THE CAREER OF DONOVAN UP TO DATE IS AS FOLLOWS:
Two years old, 1898.
March—Won Portland at Leicester..... 41,000
April—Won Portland at Leicester..... 4,000
May—Won Portland at Leicester..... 1,000
June—Won New at Ascot..... 1,000
July—Won New at Ascot..... 1,000
August—Won New at Ascot..... 1,000
September—Won New at Ascot..... 1,000
October—Won New at Ascot..... 1,000
November—Won New at Ascot..... 1,000
December—Won New at Ascot..... 1,000
Total..... 245,000

Donovan is entered for the Manchester Plate
of £12,000, to be run at seven furlongs on the
21st inst., which looks to be at his mercy.

RAVAGED BY FIRE.

Destructive Flames Follow the Storm at
Atlantic City.

CAMDEN, N. J., Sept. 11.—A great fire
started at Atlantic City during the gale this
morning, and it is still raging.

As there is no telegraph communication
with Atlantic City details are not obtainable.

SOMERSET POINT, N. J., Sept. 11.—The great
fire at Atlantic City is still burning. The
damage is appalling.

Boatmen arriving report that the tide out
through in a number of places across Absecon
Beach, between Douglass and South At-
lantic City and Chelsea.

Three houses were washed away at South
Atlantic. One large hotel, a number of smaller
places and the entire board-walk are gone at
Atlantic City.

The train is nearly gone from Longport to
Chelsea. A great deal of damage has been
done around the inlet and northwestern section
of Atlantic City.

Longport is entirely cut off by a big wash-
out just north of the cottages.

Sea Isle City is reported to be inundated
and high waves are still rushing in over the
sea wall.

People are taking refuge in the upper
stories of the buildings.

Ocean City, Avalon, Five-Mile Beach,
Annapolis, Hollywood and Wildwood are cut
off. No definite advices have been received
up to this afternoon and the fate of those
places remain in doubt. The rumors are that
the damage has been appalling.

BASEBALL KNOCKED OUT.

No baseball in New York to-day.
No baseball in Brooklyn to-day.
No baseball in Boston to-day.
Weather everywhere.

The kicking at the Polo Grounds this after-
noon—and there was plenty of it—was all di-
rected at the weather.

The umpire for once was entirely safe.
No even Manager Mutrie could smile in this
time of gloom.

Capt. Faatz tried in vain to comfort him with
assurances that he would lower the Beaneaters'
colors during the remaining days of the week.

Chicago's only Anson and his aggregation will
be on deck to-morrow, and everybody is praying
for fair weather and Giant victories for the next
three days.

If Manager Mutrie finds it agreeable there is
but little doubt but what Cleveland will consent
to play the two games postponed from yesterday
and to-day when the Giants arrive in Cleveland
on their last trip